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*Some old Forts by the Sea.*

By J. G. BOURINOT.

(Read May 25, 1883.)

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The tourist will find many memorials of the French régime throughout the provinces which were once comprised within the ill-defined and extensive limits of Acadia and are now known as Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. These memorials must be sought among a few communities speaking a language sadly degenerated from the Norman and Breton French of their ancestors, in a few grass-covered mounds, or in the names of many of the bays, rivers, and headlands of the Acadian country. Port Latour, on the western coast of Nova Scotia, recalls the time when the high-spirited, courageous Frenchman, the rival of the treacherous D'Aulnay, was labouring to establish himself on the peninsula. The Gaspereau was the name given to a rapid stream which winds its way through the very garden of Nova Scotia, by the ancestors of that hapless people whom a relentless destiny and the mandate of an inexorable government snatched from their old homes in "the sweet Acadian land." The island of Cape Breton, which once bore the proud name of "Ile Royale," still wears the more homely and also more ancient name which was given to its most prominent cape by some of those hardy Breton sailors who, from the very earliest times, ventured into the waters of the northern continent. Louisbourg still reminds us of the existence of a powerful fortified town, intended to overawe the English in America and guard the approaches to the Laurentian gulf and river. The Boularderie Island is a memento of a French Marquis, of whom we should never have heard were it not for the fact that his name still clings to this pretty green island which he once claimed as his seigneurie. The Bras d'Or yet attests the propriety of its title of "the Golden Arm," as we pass through its lovely inlets and expansive lakes, surrounded by wooded heights and smiling farms.

The French had at best only a very precarious foothold in Acadia. At a few isolated points they raised some rudely constructed forts, around which, in the course of time, a number of settlers built huts and cultivated small farms. The rivalry between England and France commenced on the continent as soon as the British colonies had made some progress, and prevented the French ever establishing flourishing settlements all over Acadia. At no time was the French government particularly enamoured of a country which seemed to promise but a scanty harvest of profit to its proprietors; for the history of Acadia shows that the kings of France and their ministers left its destinies for years in the hands of mere adventurers and traders. In the course of time they began to have some conception of the importance of Acadia as a base of operations against the aggressive New Englanders, and were forced at last, in self-defence, to build Louisbourg on the eastern coast of Ile Royale. But then it was too late to retrieve the ground they had lost by their indifference during the early history of the country. Had the statesmen of France been



gifted with practical foresight, they would have seen that the possession of Acadia was an absolute necessity to a power which hoped to retain its dominion by the St. Lawrence and the great lakes.

The history of the first fort raised by the French in Acadia illustrates the difficulties with which the pioneers of France on this continent had to contend from the very outset of their perilous experiment of colonization. When the adventurers came to Acadia with DeMonts—the feudal lord of half a continent by virtue of Henry's royal charter—there was not a single European settlement from the frozen Pole to the ancient Spanish town of St. Augustine, among the swamps of Florida. When the rock-girt islet of the St. Croix was found altogether unsuitable for their first settlement, the French with one accord sought the lovely basin, surrounded by wooded hills and a fertile country abounding with game, which is now known as the basin of the Annapolis, one of the inlets of the Bay of Fundy, so noted for its "tides" and "bores." Two hundred and seventy years ago, the first timbers of the fort were raised on the banks of the Equille, now the Annapolis river, by the command of Baron de Poutrincourt, who was the first seignior of that domain. The French were enchanted with the scenery and their new settlement. "It was unto us a thing marvellous," says the first historian of America, "to see the fair distance and the largeness of it, and the mountains and hills that environed it, and we wondered how so fair a place did remain a desert, being all filled with wood. At the very beginning we were desirous to see the country up the river, where we found meadows almost continually above twelve leagues of ground, among which brooks do run without number coming from the hills and mountains adjoining. The woods are very thick on the shores of the water."

A chequered history was that of Port Royal from the day of its foundation. Many who have played a prominent part in the colonization of this continent were among the first inhabitants. Champlain, the founder of Quebec; DePoutrincourt, the chivalrous zealous chief of Acadian colonization; L'Escarbot, the genial, chatty historian;—are among the men who throw a bright halo around the history of the first fort. L'Escarbot has left us a pleasing description of the trials and successes of the pioneers, in which we see illustrated all the versatility and vivacity of the French character. When we read his account of the doings of the colonists, we must regret that there had not always been a L'Escarbot in after-times to describe the varied incidents of the career of the fort, until the fleur-de-lis was lowered for ever on its bastions. Let us briefly describe three scenes which show the varied features of Acadian life more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

Let us go back, in imagination, to a winter day in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The hills and valleys of the surrounding country are covered with snow, but the pines and spruce are green as ever. The water is frozen around the shore, but the tides still rush in and out of the spacious basin, and keep it comparatively free from the ice bonds which fetter the rivers and lakes of the interior. On an elevated point of land, near the head of the basin, and by the side of the river, we see a small pile of wooden buildings, from whose chimneys rise light columns of smoke in the pure atmosphere, to speak of a bounteous cheer and grateful warmth; but a very unpretentious pile of buildings to hold the fortunes of ambitious France on a wilderness continent! A quadrangle of rudely constructed buildings surrounds a court-yard, and comprises the stores, magazines and dwellings of the French. The defences are palisades, on which several cannon are mounted.

ps peep up amidst the pure snow, and a log hut here and there tells us of some more adventurous than the others. Above one of the loftiest roofs floats the flag of France.

When we think that these rude works were almost alone in the American wilderness we can have some conception of the ambition and courage of the French pioneers. If we enter the spacious dining hall, which is situated in one of the principal buildings of the fort, we find a pleasant and novel scene. A large fire of maple logs blazes on the hospitable hearth, and as the bell gives the summons for the noon-day dinner, we see a procession of some fifteen or sixteen gentlemen march gaily into the hall and lay a gay array of platters on the table. At the head is probably Champlain, the steward of the fort, according to the rules of "L'ordre de bon temps," with his staff of office in his hand, and the collar of his office around his neck. Each guest bears a dish, perhaps venison, or fish or fowl, which has been provided by the caterer for the day.

The faithful Acadian Sachem, old Membertou, and other chiefs and braves, sit squatted before the fire, and nod approvingly as they see this performance repeated day after day. The gaily mounted feast is enjoyed, and many witty jokes, songs and stories go around the board, and the company comprises men of courtly demeanour, heroic daring and scholarly culture, who know well how to console themselves during their banishment to this Acadian wilderness.

The next scene is one often witnessed in the early times of French colonization. Whenever the French adventurer found himself, he never failed to show his christian

One of the first acts of Baron de Poutrincourt, after he had established himself at Port Royal, was to have old Membertou and other Indians admitted within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church. On a fine June day the converts, to the number of twenty-one, assembled on the shore in front of Port Royal, and then follow the religious ceremonies under the direction of Priest LaFlèche. The "gentleman adventurers," the soldiers, the Indians, appear in all their finery. The rites are performed with all the pomp of that epoch which, above all others, understand so well how to appeal to the senses of the senses. A *Te Deum* is chanted, and the cannon send forth a volley in honour of the first baptism of the savages of Acadia. The Indians received the name of the first nobility in France, and were rewarded by presents from the zealous Frenchman, who were mightily pleased with their religious triumph. Similar scenes were often enacted in later times, at Michilicagan, on the Ottawa, by the western lakes and rivers, and on the borders of the Gulf of Mexico.

The next episode is one of gloom and misfortune. On a bright summer's day, in 1613, a ship sailed up the basin, to the astonishment of the habitants who were busy in the fields. Was it the long-expected ship from France? Had their friends beyond the seas at last recollected the struggling colony and sent soldiers and supplies to its assistance?

The Red Cross of England floated from the masthead of the stranger. The farmers rushed to the forest, to warn the commandant and his soldiers, who were absent on some expedition; and the fort became an easy prey to Captain Samuel Argall, a rough sea-captain, authorized to destroy the French settlement by Sir Thomas Dale, governor of Virginia, then rising into importance as the first English plantation on this continent.

When Argall destroyed Port Royal, both France and England were fairly entering

upon the contest for supremacy in the new world. Port Royal again rose from its ashes but its history thenceforth affords few episodes of interest except sieges; for a L'Escalpe never again lived within its walls, to enliven its inmates and hand down to future time the story of its adventurous career. The fleur-de-lis or the red cross floated from the flag according as the French or the English were the victors in the long struggle that ensued for the possession of Acadia. In 1710 the English Colonies, which had suffered much from the depredations of the French, sent an expedition against Port Royal, under the command of Francis Nicholson, who had been governor of several of the provinces. The French governor, M. Subercase, endeavoured to defend the fort, but his garrison was in a very pitiable condition, and unable to oppose successfully the attacks of the besiegers in any length of time; consequently he capitulated towards the latter part of October.

The fort had been considerably strengthened, and was on a much larger scale than the one erected by de Pontreincourt, but, nevertheless, Port Royal was only an insignificant fort compared with Quebec or Louisburg. Considerable settlements, during the past century, had grown up in the vicinity of the fort, and throughout the rich country watered by the streams that flow into the Bay of Fundy. The details of the surrender prove the neglect with which the French government treated Port Royal in common with all other posts in America. Not only was the fort in a dilapidated state, but the garrison, 250 men, were *délabrés*, all in rags and tatters, and emaciated from hunger.

From that day Port Royal remained in possession of the English and Acadia may be said to have passed away for ever from the French, who had so long gallantly struggled to retain it. The name of Port Royal was changed to that of Annapolis, in honour of the Queen of England. For many years it was the seat of the government of Nova Scotia until Halifax was founded, towards the middle of the eighteenth century. Then the oldest town in America—excepting, of course, St. Augustine—was consigned to obscurity, and was only remembered by the historical antiquary. It is needless to say the people of Annapolis are proud of two facts—that they have an historical past, and that General Williams, of Kars, was born within their quiet precincts. Railways now run into the town, but still the verdure of antiquity clings to the place, and the old folks will rather take you to some relics of the past than talk of the locomotive which snorts and puffs as if in derision of old times. Relics of the French occupation have more than once been dug up by the plough during the past quarter of a century in the vicinity of the town. The "Old Mortality" of the settlement will tell you of a large stone, marked in deep rude Arabic figures 1604, and also showing masonic emblems roughly chiselled. Like other interesting memorials picked up in Nova Scotia, this stone disappeared and its whereabouts are not now known. None of the old French buildings remain standing in Annapolis, but we can still see the evidences of French occupation in the ruins of the fort, which was long occupied as a barrack for the British troops. The tourist who has antiquarian tastes and is a true lover of nature will find himself well rewarded by a trip from Windsor through the fertile valleys of Kings and Annapolis. Here he will see gardens, and meadows and orchards not surpassed in the Niagara district or the most fertile portion of Ontario. Here is the country first reclaimed from the sea by the old Acadian farmers, and yielding a most productive crop from year to year. In the township of Clare, and other parts of the western counties, we meet with the descendants of the Acadians, a sleepy, thrifty and religious people, clinging obstinately to old customs, but nevertheless rapidly merging with the

energetic element which presses upon them from all directions, and forces them out of their isolation.

None of the French forts of Acadia has a more interesting history than that erected on the banks of the St. John River, by one of the most courageous "gentlemen adventurers" ever sought to establish homes for themselves and families on this continent. As we review the incidents of the eventful career of Charles de St. Etienne, Seigneur de la Rivière, we see him often a wanderer with the savages in the depths of the forest,—anon bravely defending the French ports on the Atlantic coast and on the River St. John, arraying his retainers and battling for his rights like some old chief of feudal times. When Biencourt, Baron de Poutrincourt's Son, died in 1623, he bequeathed to LaTour the rights in Port Royal, and nominated him as his successor. LaTour, however, for some time or other, removed to Cape Sable, where he built a fort which he named St. Louis. Subsequently he deserted the fort at that point and moved to the entrance of the River St. John. A new fort was built under his directions during the year 1627, on the extreme tip of a large point of land on the western side of the harbour. It was an earthwork of about eighty paces, diameter, with four bastions, on each side of which six large cannon were mounted. By this time the colonies of Virginia, New York and New England were making rapid headway, compared with the French settlements in Acadia. The indomitable commercial enterprise of the early British colonists was already bearing rich fruits throughout New England particularly. The total population of Quebec did not exceed 500 souls, and it was still a very insignificant place. The towns—or villages rather—next in importance were Three Rivers and Tadousac, both of them extensive trading posts. In Nova Scotia, Port Royal and the St. John Fort were the only posts occupied by the French, while Cape Breton was inhabited by a few fishermen.

The history of this fort, for many years, was the history of the feud between Charles de LaTour and Chevalier D'Aulnay Charnisay, both of whom claimed the same rights in Acadia, and fought out the dispute to the bitter end. Then LaTour's wife appeared on the scene, and proved herself, all through that critical period in the history of the country, a helpmate for her husband; for she displayed an amount of courage and resolution of character of which we have few instances on record. She undertook important missions to England and Massachusetts, and did her husband good service; but she will always be remembered for her heroic defence of the fort on two occasions against D'Aulnay, who attacked it during his rival's absence. On the first occasion, Madame LaTour rallied the defenders and succeeded in beating off the assailants. At a later time, however, D'Aulnay was successful, and Madame LaTour was forced to agree to terms of capitulation. D'Aulnay then sullied his reputation by breaking his pledge in a most disgraceful manner, for he ordered all the garrison to be hanged—with the exception of one man, who acted as executioner—in the presence of the unfortunate lady, who was forced to stand by with a halter around her neck. These occurrences naturally broke the poor lady's heart, for she died a few months later.

LaTour subsequently received a new commission from the King as governor of Acadia, and—alas for human consistency—married the widow of his old rival, who was drowned in the Bay of Fundy sometime during 1650. Then, Acadia having fallen into the possession of the English, in 1654, LaTour succeeded in obtaining from Cromwell a grant of considerable land, and retired from the fort.



The history of Fort LaTour, under its-English masters, affords us no such interesting episodes as characterized its career during its occupation by its founder and his heroic wife. When, in 1670, the posts in Acadia were restored to the French, Fort LaTour appears to have been in a ruinous state, and was deserted for some time. For many years till the close of the seventeenth century, it was occupied by a small garrison, but in the summer of 1701 one of the French governors ordered it to be razed to the ground. At this date its history as Fort LaTour may be said to end.

In 1758 Col. Moncton was sent by the British governor at Port Royal to take formal possession of the River St. John. The work was very soon accomplished, and the English flag now waved triumphantly over the whole river territory from the Canadian boundary to the sea. Then the old fort began to wear a new aspect, for the ruined ramparts were renewed, and cannon again mounted on its walls; but, while it obtained in this way a longer lease of existence, it became, not Fort Latour as of old, but Fort Frederick, in honour of a prince of the nation to which it now belonged. Thenceforth its history is monotonous, and we need not trace its career up to the time when it fell to pieces, or was swallowed up by the encroaching tides of the Bay of Fundy. It was possible—at least it was very recently—to distinguish some of the old embankments of the fort, notwithstanding the fact that it is now to some extent covered by houses and gardens. One of the most enterprising cities of the Dominion has sprung up around it, according as it has decayed and disappeared. Great ships, freighted with the merchandise of every land, come to anchor within a few yards of the spot where the fleur-de-lis once floated in the breeze, and the wealth of a fine province comes down the River St. John and passes the graves of the old pioneers who once saw in Fort LaTour one of the means by which was to be founded an empire under the rule of France. The old and more pretentious settlement of Port Royal is only a small town; Louisburg is a mere sheep pasture; but around Fort LaTour has sprung up a wealthy city, to illustrate the wisdom of the old adventurers who chose it as a site of a settlement which was, under favourable auspices, to grow in the course of time into a large and flourishing community. The old pioneers who once owned the favoured country watered by the noble St. John River are now forgotten by the busy, enterprising people who are labouring in the walks of commerce above French graves. It is left for the historical student to remember

"We have no title-deeds to house or lands,  
Owners and occupants of earlier dates,  
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands  
And hold in mortmain still their old estates."

Now let my readers accompany me to that narrow neck of land which connects New Brunswick with Nova Scotia and is known as the Isthmus of Chignecto. When Port Royal and LaTour were first erected, the settlements of France and England were very insignificant, but now we come to a time when Quebec and Montreal were towns of considerable importance, and the English colonies were rapidly increasing in population and wealth. In the middle of the last century the French had a fort at the mouth of the Missisquoi, one of the streams which empty into Cumberland Basin. Those were times when there were many apprehensions entertained by the British authorities in Port Royal and Halifax as to the good faith of the large settlement of Acadian French which had in the course of a hundred and fifty years established themselves in the most fertile section of the province.



Under these circumstances the erection of Fort Beauséjour, in the vicinity of Beaubassin, one of the most important French Acadian settlements, near the site of the flourishing town of Amherst, induced Major Lawrence to send a British force to the Isthmus of Chignecto and build another fort on the opposite side of the river, which was named after the governor himself. Then in the course of a few months ensued a series of hostilities between the French and the English, but the final result was the destruction of the village of Beaubassin and the capture of Beauséjour, which was then named Fort Cumberland—a name which has since been given to a large and prosperous county, the birthplace of Sir Charles Tupper. With the history of every French fort in Acadia the name of some famous Frenchman is intimately associated. The heroism and perseverance of Poirincourt and LaTour throw a halo of romance around the early annals of Acadia. The name of LeLoutre, for some years one of the French missionaries, can never be forgotten in any sketch of the history of Beaubassin and Beauséjour. His enemies describe him—and no man in Acadia had more enemies among the British—as a compound of craft and cruelty, and it is quite certain that he hated the English and resorted to every means, whether fair or foul, to prevent their successful settlement of Acadia. That beneath his black robe beat the courageous heart of a soldier, the following incident of the siege of Beauséjour shows full well:—When the commandant, Vergor, was almost driven to despair by the perils that threatened him, LeLoutre alone appears to have preserved that composure which, to do him justice, never deserted him in the hour of danger; and the day after, he walked on the ramparts, smoking his pipe, and urging the men to renewed exertions, though the bullets whistled all around him. It is truly said that, had the spirit of the habitants been always equal to that of their priests, Beauséjour would not have fallen as soon as it did.

The country around the old forts presents a charming combination of pastoral and water scenery. Here too is a large expanse of marsh-land, where some of the fattest cattle in America find a bounteous pasture, and the farmers grow rich in the course of a few years. The landscape presents a vast sea of verdure, relieved by the Cobequid mountains in the distance, by glimpses of the sea, by clusters of white houses, and by placid rivers which wind through a country where nature has been most lavish in its gifts. No traces now remain of Fort Lawrence; a little cottage is said to stand on its exact site; but we can still see ruins of Fort Cumberland, a short distance off, across the stream. It is in the shape of a pentagon, or fort of five bastions, which once mounted thirty or forty guns of large calibre. We can see the remains of the old barracks, and the cannon which did service for both the French and English in the old times. The casemates were very recently in a good state of preservation, for they were made of solid brickwork. Every spot of ground has its historic associations. As we passed, a few summers ago, into one of the casemates, we recollected the story of the havoc made by a British shell which came directly through the opening and killed several French officers, as well as an Englishman, while they were seated at breakfast. Treachery, according to tradition, was the bottom of this tragedy. The tradition is that a Frenchman, having some design of vengeance to carry out against his officers, had directed the British in the fort opposite to aim directly into the casemate, and gave the preconcerted signal with a handkerchief, when all the officers were at breakfast. The shell was aimed, as I have shown, with unerring precision.

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On a free-stone slab near the site of Fort Moncton—the name afterwards given to Fort Gaspereau, which had been erected by the French at Bay Verte so as to command the whole Isthmus—can still be seen a rudely chiseled and not very grammatical inscription, which recalls the perilous times of Acadia :—"Here lies the body of Sergeant Mackay, and eight men killed and scalped by the Indians, in bringing firewood, Feb. 26th, 1755." This fortification contained an acre of ground and was well built. The ancient turnpike and causeway across a tract of marsh, as well as the contour of the walls, can be ascertained without difficulty by the curious tourist. The enterprising city of Moncton, an important station of the Intercolonial Railway, is named after the captor of the Gaspereau fort.

Now we must leave the peninsula of Acadia and turn our attention for a few moments to Ile Royale, or Cape Breton. The cape from which the Island takes its name is a large point of land jutting out into the Atlantic. Cape Breton, while occupied by France, was highly valued as an entrepôt for the shipping engaged in the French, Canadian and West India trade, as well as for the large fleets which have been fishing in North American waters ever since the Basque and Breton sailors discovered the value of the fisheries. So important did the French consider the position of the Island—a sentinel, as it were, at the approaches of the River St. Lawrence—that they erected a formidable fortress on one of the noblest harbours of its Atlantic coast, to which they gave the name of Louisburg, in honour of Louis Quinze.

The harbour of Louisburg, which is two miles in length and half a mile in breadth, with a depth of three to six fathoms, communicates with the open ocean by a channel, only half a mile in length and one-third of a mile in width, the average depth of water being seven fathoms. The great facility of access from the ocean was probably one of the principal reasons why this harbour was chosen in preference to others which are larger and otherwise preferable. Approaching the harbour from the eastward, more than a hundred years ago, the stranger could see the city surrounded by massive walls bristling with cannon. Standing out like sentries in advance of the fortress are three small rocky islands protecting the harbour from the swell of the Atlantic. Upon one of these, called Goat Island, there was a battery mounting thirty 28-pounder guns. On the north-west shore, directly facing the entrance of the harbour, stood the Grand or Royal Battery, armed with twenty-eight 42-pounders and two 18-pounder guns. This battery completely covered the entrance of the harbour, as its guns could rake the decks of any ship attempting to force the passage. The town itself was situated upon the promontory lying between the south shore of the harbour and the sea, and occupied, including the walls, an irregular quadrilateral area of 160 acres. The walls or defences were constructed according to the first system of the celebrated French engineer, Vauban. All the authorities agree that in the circuit of the walls there were embrasures for 148 guns, though they differ widely, respecting the number of guns actually mounted. The most prominent building within the walls was a stone structure called the citadel, standing in the gorge of the king's bastion, with a moat next the town. The entrance to the citadel was over a drawbridge, with a guard-house on one side and advanced sentinels on the other. Within the citadel were apartments for the governor, barracks for the garrison, an arsenal, and a chapel which served as the parish church. There was also under the platform, or *terre pleine*, a magazine well furnished at all times with military stores. The other public buildings within the walls were a general storehouse, and ordnance storehouse, an arsenal and

powder magazine. The nunnery and hospital of St. Jean de Dieu were situated in the centre of the city—the latter being connected with a church and well laid out in wide regular streets crossing each other at right angles, six running east and west, and seven north and south. Some of the houses were wholly of brick or stone, but generally they were of wood upon stone foundations. The materials in many cases had been purchased from New Englanders, then, as now, always ready to trade with anybody who could pay well. Between the years 1720 and 1745, Louisburg cost the French nation the enormous sum of nearly \$6,000,000, and still, as a French historian informs us, the fortifications were unfinished and likely to remain so, because the cost had far exceeded the estimates, and it was found that such a large garrison would be required for their defence that the government had abandoned the idea of completing them according to the original design.

This formidable fortress, the American Dunkirk, sustained two sieges, both of which have been fully described in the histories of this continent. It was first taken by the New England colonists, led by Pepperell, who received a baronetcy for his eminent services, and was otherwise distinguished by the British government. Cape Breton, by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, again became a French possession; but only thirteen years after its capture by the colonists it fell once more into the hands of the large naval and land forces under Boscawen and Wolfe. Subsequently, the English government, fearful that Louisburg might again be seized by France, ordered that the fortifications should be razed to the earth, and all the cannon and valuable building material distributed in Halifax or elsewhere. Old houses can still be seen in Nova Scotia whose foundations are made of stone brought from the French fortress a century ago. Some fishing huts now stand on the site of the old city, whilst a few coal vessels or fishing boats are the only tenants of the harbour where the Canadian and West Indian fleets anchored in old times.

It is very easy now-a-days, with the assistance of a map and a guide, always to be found on the spot, to trace the lines of the old fortifications and the site of the principal buildings. The most prominent objects among the ruins are some bomb-proof casemates, which serve as a shelter for cattle in stormy weather. The roofs are covered with stalactites of the colour of oyster shells—at least that was the case when the writer last visited the place. The guide is sure to offer you a drink out of the well said to have belonged to the governor's mansion.

The battery on the islet at the entrance of the harbour has long since yielded to the encroachments of the waves, and no signs now remain of the hulls of the French frigates that were sunk during the second siege, and the ribs of which were plainly visible on a calm day not many years since. The visitor can always purchase relics of the days of the French régime—old locks, keys, gun-barrels, shells, for instance—as they are being constantly dug up from the cellars or washed ashore by the waves. In the course of a few summers ago a Boston tourist discovered an interesting memorial which is now in an American Museum, like most of the relics which have been found in Acadia. This relic consists of a wrought-iron bar, an inch and a half in diameter, nearly four feet long, attached at one end to an iron joint, with strong attachments to fit solid stone masonry. Near the hook end of the bar is fastened a chain consisting of several strong links, which led to a lock which had also been attached to the masonry. The chain was still fast in the lock when it was discovered. Every part of the structure was made in the strongest manner, capable of great resistance, and weighed some hundred pounds. Although some-



what wasted with rust, its shape was as perfect as it was the day it was made. This lock evidently belonged to the Queen's Gate, near the eastern or sea-end of the walls of the fortification.

As the tourist stands upon the brow of the ruined ramparts and surveys the present aspect of Louisburg, he cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the intense loneliness and desolation of the scene. The contour of the grass-covered walls is boldly outlined, and the large casemates look like so many black ovens rising out of the green fields. To the southwest stretches the ocean: to the north rise the cliffs from which the lighthouse flashes forth its beacon of warning from eve to day-break. The land towards the interior is low and covered with a small growth of firs, while the houses are small and scattered. Early in the morning and late in the afternoon the harbour present an animated spectacle, as the fishing-boats, of which there is a large number, dart merrily through the water; but at noon of a summer's day, unless there are vessels in port, the scene is inexpressibly lonely. The tinkle of a cow-bell, or the cry of the circling gull, alone startles the loneliness of the ruined fortress. Our thoughts naturally fly back to a century ago, when a stately pile of fortifications and buildings stood on that low, green point now only covered by a few grass-covered mounds to tell the story of the past. Port Royal, LaTour and Beau-séjour were but comparatively insignificant forts, while Louisburg was for years one of the strongest fortified towns in America; but all are now alike in their desolation and ruin.

Nothing but historic tradition remains of the old buildings in which the Frenchman of the last century talked with his comrades—

"Of sallies and retiring, of trenches, tents,  
Of palisades, frontiers, parapets;  
Of basilisks of cannon, culverin,  
Of prisoners, ransoms, of soldiers slain,  
And all the currents of heady flight."

On the other side of the harbour is the terminus of a narrow-gauge railway which connects with the town of Sydney. The action of the government, during the present session of Parliament, in giving a subsidy to a railway from the strait of Canso to Louisburg or Sydney, will in all probability assist in bringing about a great change in the fortunes of this section of the Dominion. The harbour of Louisburg is one of the most accessible on the Atlantic coast of the Dominion, for a vessel can reach its shelter in a very few minutes from the ocean, while it is remarkably clear of ice during the winter. Let us hope that, in the course of a very few years, Louisburg will have entered on a new era of its history, and will more than realize, under Canadian auspices, the idea of those who founded the old town more than a century ago.

what wasted with rust, its shape was as perfect as it was the day it was made. This lock evidently belonged to the Queen's Gate, near the eastern or sea-end of the walls of the fortification.

As the tourist stands upon the brow of the ruined ramparts and surveys the present aspect of Louisburg, he cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the intense loneliness and desolation of the scene. The contour of the grass-covered walls is boldly outlined, and the large casemates look like so many black ovens rising out of the green fields. To the southwest stretches the ocean; to the north rise the cliffs from which the lighthouse flashes forth its beacon of warning from eve to day-break. The land towards the interior is low and covered with a small growth of firs, while the houses are small and scattered. Early in the morning and late in the afternoon the harbour present an animated spectacle, as the fishing-boats, of which there is a large number, dart merrily through the water; but at noon of a summer's day, unless there are vessels in port, the scene is inexpressibly lonely. The tinkle of a cow-bell, or the cry of the circling gull, alone startles the loneliness of the ruined fortress. Our thoughts naturally fly back to a century ago, when a stately pile of fortifications and buildings stood on that low, green point now only covered by a few grass-covered mounds to tell the story of the past. Port Royal, LaTour and Bea-séjour were but comparatively insignificant forts, while Louisburg was for years one of the strongest fortified towns in America; but all are now alike in their desolation and ruin.

Nothing but historic tradition remains of the old buildings in which the Frenchman of the last century talked with his comrades—

"Of sallies and retiring, of trenches, tents,  
Of palisades, frontiers, parapets;  
Of basilisks of cannon, culverin,  
Of prisoners, ransoms, of soldiers slain,  
And all the currents of heady flight."

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